

left the ship, two other boats being close to her, and embarked with the remainder. On reaching the shore I dispatched Brad-

the third officer, off to Halifax across the country to telegraph the news of the disaster and to obtain assistance. Mr. Morrow, the Cunard line agent, promptly responded and sent two steamers with provisions to carry the survivors to Halifax, where they will be cared for and forwarded to New

York the first opportunity, in care of the first and fourth officer, the third officer and four men being left at the island to care for the dead as they came ashore. The second officer was lost.

Early this morning the Dominion government steamer Lady Head, crossed the steamer Delta and the steam tug Goliah.

WHICH LEFT FOR THE SCENE OF THE wreck, to render such assistance as they could.

The Lady Head had on board a number

of custom house officers, and the Delta party included several newspaper reporters. As morning broke the steamers approached Prospect, and those on board soon learned the whereabouts of the ill-fated Atlantic by the presence around her of a large fleet of fishing schooners and small boats. This locality is one that a mariner would be disposed to give as wide a berth as possible to the shore being a succession of large banks of rock with dangerous shoals running for some distance, while the bay is studded

The business of the vessels was to take aboard passengers and others who had been rescued from the wreck and put them on the island. The boats were small, and the water was so shallow that the boatsmen had to wade out to the wreck and pull the boats in. The boatsmen were not allowed to take any of the goods on board, and the goods were not allowed to be taken off the island. The goods were not allowed to be taken off the island.

ber in such a small place
not even the large heartedness and kind-
ness of the fisherman could be expected to make
them comfortable. The Delta and Lady
Head being unable to venture to shore came
to anchor, and the Goliah with a life boat
went to embark the shipwrecked people.
No time was lost. The Goliah and boat
soon returned filled with men who pressed
to get aboard of the Delta, and with the
motly party English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh,
German, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes

Swiss, indeed representatives of every country in Europe and of the United States were huddled together, talking, laughing, crying, praying and thanksgiving, producing a great confusion of tongues. Scarcely one half of them had a complete and respectable looking suit of clothes. The wealthy merchant gentleman and New York professional gentleman and lowest of emigrant appeared in clothing as much of which had been given to them by the good people of Proseet. Some wore hats, others without, both other

without boots, shoes and all without some sort of clothing. The scene can scarcely be imagined, much less described. They were warmly welcomed on board the Delta and no pains were spared to make them as comfortable as possible. The boats went to shore and soon returned with just such a crowd as the previous one. There were some affecting scenes on deck as the passengers were collected in her from the various points where they had been stopping. Friends who had been separated from each

other after the Atlantic struck and never expected to meet again in this world were brought face to face on the Delta where they grasped hands and wept for joy, and returned thanks to Him whose mercy had saved them, while so many of their fellows had been sent into eternity. By 12 o'clock all those who had escaped ashore safely, were except an officer and four men, who had been killed, and those who were taken on board the steamer Delta and Lady Head, the former having about 350 on board, the latter having abolition on-made by

The wreck remained in the same position as before reported, the bow and mast only above water and the sea breaking so rough that boats could not approach with safety.

She was broken in some places, and a few packages had washed out and drifted to sea, but the bulk of the cargo appeared to be undisturbed.

J. W. Firth, chief officer of the Atlantic, made a statement in substance as follows:

My watch ends at 12 o'clock. Monday night the second and fourth officers took charge, and I went to my berth.

I was aroused by a shock of the vessel striking. The second officer came down and said, "The ship was ashore and he was

few articles of clothing got an air and were on deck to clear the masts; the ship had cleared the water and before I reached the deck had cleared the two starboard boats. Just then a heavy sea swept the boats away; I was holding fast to the mainmast rigging and had not climbed higher for safety. The night was dark and the spray blew so thick that I could not see well what was going on around us; I saw men on the rocks, but did not know how they got there; all who were alive on board were in the rigging; when day

light came I counted 32 persons in the *mizzen* rigging with me including one woman. When there I saw that there were lines between the ship and shore; some of them attempted to go forward to the lines, and in so doing some of them were washed overboard and drowned. Many reached the shore by air lines, and fishermen's boats rescued many more. At last all were saved; either washed off or rescued by themselves, a woman and a boy; but the boat had become so rough that the boys could not venture to use it.

soon the sky was dark and reached one of the warm galleys. I got firm hold of the woman and carried her in the rigging, but she could see the people on shore and in boats and could hint them, but they were unable to help us. At 2 o'clock p.m. after we had been in the rigging 10 hours, Rev. Mr. Ancient, a Church of England clergyman, whose noble conduct I can never forget while I live, got a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck. He got in the main rigging and procured a line, the

advanced as far as he could towards me and threw it to me and I caught it and made a dash for the shore. I was not far from the fast around me and jumped clear. As I swept me off the deck but Mr. Ancient he fast to the line and pulled me back and got me safely in the boat. I was then so exhausted and benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything for myself, but for the clergyman's gallant conduct I must have perished soon. The woman after bearing up with remarkable strength under her trial had died two hours before Mr. Ancient.

lived; her hair now was
the razing, her eyes protruding, her mouth
blasting—a ghastly aspect, rendered more
looming by the contrast with the numbing
whiteness that sparkled on her hand. We
had to leave her body there
and it was probably there yet. To
be at the wreck was an awful one, such
as I had never before witnessed and
never to witness again; a comparatively few
bodies drifted ashore; most of them, with
such articles as came out of the ship while
she was on her, were carried out to sea.

The steamer *Dora*, arrived this evening with survivors from the wreck, and arrangements are made to have them well cared for. She reports the *Albatross* has not broken up and the cargo, which was large and valuable is not, therefore all right, with the exception one cork, which was very little overboard. Vessels with diving apparatus had arrived at the wreck, and commenced operations for the removal of the dead bodies and cargo. The sea was still rough, but the wind had

The Carliotta, passenger, which arrived here early yesterday morning, says that the night was very dark, rainy and windy, and that they were very anxious. She saw nothing of the Atlantic. A number of the wrecked passengers were swept out of the ship and drifted beyond the vessel on immense waves, were carried out to sea and seen no more. The bodies recovered will be buried at Prospect Village.

ANNA DICKINSON is announced to look upon a theme entirely new to the people of Chicago, on Monday, 31st inst., "What a Hindler." If there is anything to hinder Anna is supposed to know what it is.

"You exhaust my patience," cried doctor who was engaged in a quarrel with his wife, "You exhaust your patients worse than I do," was the retort.